

long as they don't land your way you don't mind. Then for a while absolute silence—not even a rifle or machine gun bullet. Now, Fritz, send up another star shell so that we can see where we are working. He always supplies the illuminations. I tried to find the “dipper” and then hunted for the “love star.” That sent me dreaming of home sweet home and real Canadian girls. I have almost forgotten what a girl looks like. The fact is I am almost becoming a Christian Scientist in believing they are merely phantoms of the brain.

We are at ———, a kind of half-civilized place, for a “rest.” (We always work harder “at rest”). This place has a population of 30,000 with a few half decent stores and a French picture show.

March 27.—Much has been doing during the last few days. Fritz got good and mad for a while and nearly suffocated us. “All's well that ends well.” Feeling fine now, though a bit queer about the head and stomach for a couple of days. Feel more sure of myself now than ever before as regards nerve, but don't think I am quite as strong. The boys are encouraged by the German retreat. Fritz will be discouraged in at least an equal degree. He is beaten on every hand. Just watch the very hottest corner of the western front in a few weeks. We'll be right there. If you won't be able to call this the “pivot of Hell” in a few weeks' time I miss my guess. I think our boys—the ambulance—will get all they want very soon. So far we have been ringed with horse-shoes, but guess we can take the medicine that we get. I feel that there will be a good many of us “pushing the daisies” before the war is over, though I don't think the war will last much longer. Do you remember Wolfe? “They run.” “Who run?” “The enemy”; and that's the feeling of the boys now. The growling of the winter in the mud and cold of the trenches is largely gone. Some of the old-time fire is back. You can hear the boys talking to one another and you don't hear many dismal notes. When Mrs. Britain and Miss Canuck get together—look out. Fritz hates the skirts like—a boy hates his first long pants.

I have hunted up two of our old bunch of Ottawans here in France, as well as my brother-in-law. From time to time I get track of them. My brother-in-law had a laugh at me once. I was paying him a visit when his company was in the front line and he told me that Fritz always shelled a certain “street” for a couple of hours each day, starting about the time I arrived. You may be sure I didn't lose much time when I got out, especially as I was out of bounds.

U. S. COMMISSION BUSY.

(U. S. Official.)

As soon as it became certain that every branch of the Government service must expand to war proportions, and as quickly as possible, the Civil Service Commission was confronted with problems which, owing to industrial conditions prevailing, have proved to be difficult of solution. Not the least of these has been the task of keeping pace with the demand for stenographers and typewriters, both in the departments and offices at Washington and in field branches.

Even in normal times a sufficient number of qualified stenographers and typewriters to meet the needs of the Government are not easy to obtain. That the Civil Service Commission has been able thus far to meet the greatly increased calls for eligibles has been due to the fact that from the beginning of the altered conditions the commission has conducted a campaign which has employed every available agency to impress upon the public this need of the Government. Business schools, typewriter manufacturing companies, newspapers and periodicals, and the commission's 3,000 local representatives in every part of the country, have rendered most valuable assistance.

Stenographer and typewriter examinations for the departmental service at Washington are held every Tuesday in 400 of the principal cities. Examinations for the field service also are held frequently. Since the beginning of this calendar year the commission has examined approximately 20,000 applicants for stenographer and typewriter positions. Of this number, about 11,000 competed in examinations for the departmental service at Washington. Practically all of those who passed the examinations for the departmental service, except those who entered the more recent examinations, have been offered employment at salaries ranging from \$900 to \$1,200 a year.